STAGE FRIGHT

Dec 6, 1994

Step out onto the stage
Step right up to the MIC

Look out into the crowd
You know they want to hear
what you've got to say

backstage support - trying to boost confidence

I stepped right up to the mic
Looked out into the crowd
and froze
I hope they want to hear what I got to say!
A clump formed slowly in my throat
Tried to swallow, prime my throat for words to exit
OH Shit I forget my lines!
Eyes, faces, focused on me!
Try again fool!
I swallowed again, what piece AM I DOING!

thought collapsed

lights go down to black, when they come back up - BAM HIT 'EM

STANDING BEFORE YOU
NAKED EXPOSED
WANTING YOUR ATTENTION
CRAVING YOUR APPROVAL
HEARING YOUR THOUGHTS

STAGE FRIGHT

12/6/94
edit 5/13/94

STANDING BEFORE YOU
NAKED EXPOSED
WANTING YOUR ATTENTION
CRAVING YOUR APPROVAL
HEARING YOUR THOUGHTS
UNDERSTANDING YOUR CONFUSION
ABSORBING YOUR ENERGY
WATCHING INTENSELY
REALIZING THE NATURE OF MY ACTIONS
MASTERBATING SLOWLY
STROKING THE SHAFT
OF A ROCK HARD EGO
OPENING YOUR MINDS
MANIPULATING THE CLIT
OF A PASSIONATE PSYCHE
CARESSING YOUR SPIRITS
CRADDLING BALLS BURSTING WITH
THE SEEDS OF EXPRESSION
NUTURING YOUR INHIBITIONS
COMING VIOLENTLY AS THE JUICES OF
CREATIVITY FLOW FREELY
RELEASING YOUR DOUBTS

- UNDERSTANDING YOUR CONFUSION

ABSORBING YOUR ENERGY

WATCHING INTENSELY AS YOU
REALIZE THE NATURE OF THE
VISION BEFORE YOUR EYES
(MASTURBATION)
STROKING THE SHAFT OF A ROCK
HARD/EGO
OPENING YOUR MINDS

- MANIPULATING THE CLIT OF A PASSIONATE
PSYCHE
CARESSING YOUR SPIRTS
CRADDLING BALLS BURSTING WITH
THE SEEDS OF ART
NUTURING YOUR INHIBITIONS
COMING VIOLENTLY AS THE JUICES
OF CREATIVITY FLOW FREELY
RELEASING YOUR DOUBTS

Apartheid - The Painting NOV 1994
King Turco BASTIEN - ARTIST

Shackled by the fear of man
bent on destruction
Held captive by thoughts of self perservation
Yellow flame melts white wax
Slowing dripping to cover a face in confusion
NO EYES, MOUTH agape
Dreams defered and shattered
Agony lies deep sprouting claws that
surround the cheeks
A Hole bore in the head
needs to be there
The anguish rise like smoke
forms shapes of brothers and sisters
They have No identity, no real form
Shapeless
Trapped in a system that denies them
any
No access to their Land
No access to freedom